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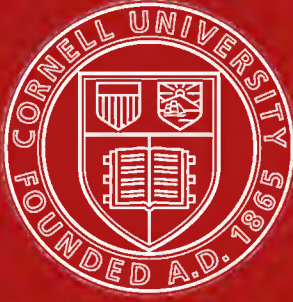


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**The University Press Shakespeare**





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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
IN FORTY VOLUMES

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*Editor's Autograph Edition*

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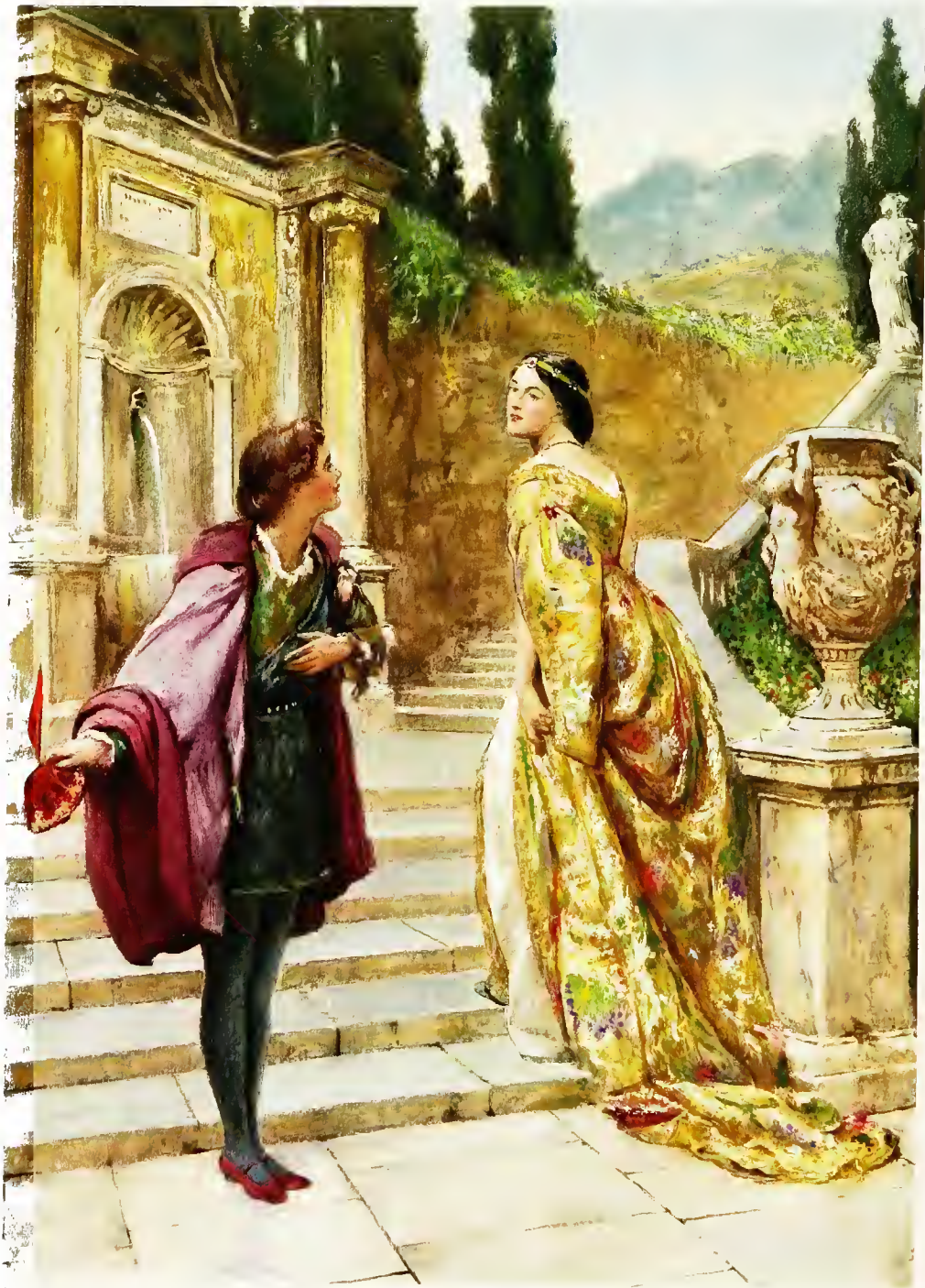
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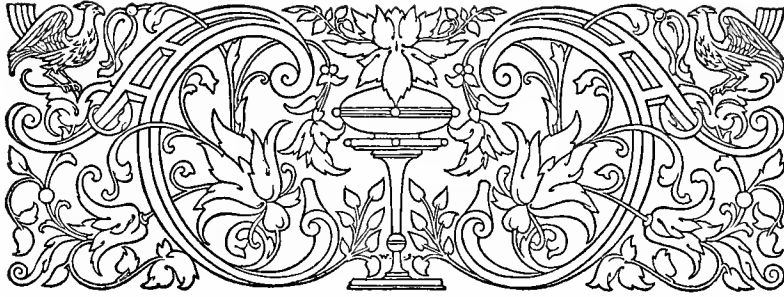
TWELFTH NIGHT

JOHN COLLIER

**V**IOLA. *“By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
And that no woman has ; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.”*

ACT III, SCENE I, line 154.





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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

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VOLUME XI

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT  
YOU WILL

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY MAURICE HEWLETT  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY JOHN COLLIER



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NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPOUL MCMVII

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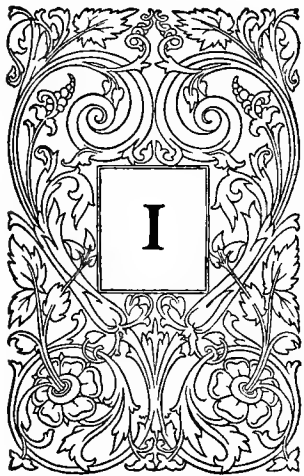
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## INTRODUCTION



IN considering with any kind of closeness a play of Shakespeare's, the student is thrown very much upon the probabilities of what he might or might not have got as a base for the work he was about ; and when it comes to a question of theory, it is idle and perfectly unnecessary to push the probabilities too far. The enquiry, for instance, rises to the mind after a first reading of "Twelfth Night," Had Shakespeare any theory of a difference, an essential difference, between a comedy and a tragedy ? and many subsequent perusals do but urge it more persistently. Personally, I greatly doubt whether the poet troubled himself with definitions, whether, in fact, he had not something better to do ; but if he did, the probabilities surely are that he went no deeper into that particular affair than Dante did once, in his famous

## TWELFTH NIGHT

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letter to Can Grande of Verona. In order, wrote he there, to understand the title of his epic, "one must know that *Comoedia* is named from *κώμη*, *villa*, and *ᾠδή*, which means *cantus*; so that *comoedia* is a sort of *villanus cantus*. It differs from tragedy in this, that tragedy in the commencement is full of admiration and calm, but in the end is stinking and harsh; whence it is named from *τράγος*, which is *hircus*, and *ᾠδή*, as it were *cantus hircinus*, that is, stinking like a goat — as appears in Seneca's tragedies; whereas comedy begins with something harsh, but has a prosperous ending, as is seen in the Comedies of Terence. In like manner the style of tragedy and comedy are different; that of tragedy is heightened and sublime, that of comedy more lax and unpretending, whence," he concludes, "we see why my work is called *Comoedia*." This is very well. "Twelfth Night" does begin — or almost begins — with something harsh: indeed a shipwreck; it ends prosperously with three weddings; in style and texture it is lax and unpretending. The play is assuredly a comedy within the meaning of these requisitions; whether it be so in those qualities which we have now come to think essential to such a piece of art is another matter, and a matter in which, as I began by saying, Shakespeare probably took no interest. But the question is whether we, when we read or behold such a play, do or do not take that interest. Is our laughter, if we have any, over the misfortunes of Malvolio "nothing else but a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison of the infirmity of others"?

## INTRODUCTION

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That was what a learned man, the Philosopher of Malmesbury, living not so long after Shakespeare, thought we ought to find in comedy. If we laugh at Malvolio in his cellar, is that a sudden glory? Can we say that here "the comic mask is ugly and distorted, but does not cause pain?" No doubt but a Jacobean audience could. Can an Edwardian?

More of this presently, and of the curious fate of the play: let me consider for a moment, first, the structure of "Twelfth Night, or What you Will." A twin brother and sister, exactly alike, are in shipwreck; the brother supposed lost, the sister palpably alive. She, for sufficient reasons, disguises herself as a young man and takes service as page with the Duke of Illyria. She falls in love with her master; but he dotes upon a Lady Olivia, who scorns him. The Duke employs his supposed page as ambassador to Donna Olivia, with the result that lady now falls in love with lady; so here we have three persons at the sort of deadlock contrived by Mr. Puff in "The Spanish Armada," and the time seems ripe for the recovery of the lost brother. He duly appears, and contents Olivia; the passionate Duke pairs off with his pretended page; she — and this is important, for everybody is the slave of Viola — is actually the only person on the scene who wins her original desire. So much for the main plot of a comedy, whose scheme, lax and unpretending enough, is rendered still more so by the underplot, relating the buffooneries played upon Olivia's steward, Malvolio, by a set of immortal clowns, as irresponsible, capering, madcap wags as ever delighted this easy world

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— an underplot, be it added, which its author was at no pains to connect with his main theme; an underplot — and this is extraordinary — which, by the force and bent of Shakespeare's genius for character, has so taken hold of the play that it has usurped the interest, outshone the fantasy, forced the title to abdicate, and (for the last hundred and fifty years at least) turned a comedy into something uncommonly like a tragedy. These are perverse reflections, but they all appear to be true.

It would be curious, and it would be long, to enquire into the sources of those conventions of literature — widely departing from the facts of life — which are dear to us, to which we cling, not because they deceive us, for they do not attempt to deceive us, but partly for the sake of old acquaintance, and partly, no doubt, because we love make-believe and find that the more we have of it to make the better we do it. One of these, which we now call Sir Walter Scott's convention, — the habit of expressing violent emotion in terms of stately and deliberate rhetoric, — is at least as old as Homer. "My post," says Norna of the Fitful Head, "must be high on yon lofty headland, where never stood human foot save mine — or I must sleep at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, its white billows booming over my senseless corpse. The parricide shall never also be denounced as the impostor." This is what Sir Walter called his "big bow-wow" style, and is certainly very unlike life. But if that is in itself an objection, the answer to it is, Why should we suppose life to be so fine a thing that the poet

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should never aim at a finer? Is rhetoric inadmissible? Is Turner's palette ruled out? Never in the world, we say, so long as they persuade. Socrates had the root of this matter, and so had Gorgias the rhapsodist, though he did not know it until the sage made it clear. So much for a convention of manner: here in "Twelfth Night" is a convention of matter, in Shakespeare's favourite notion of having a young woman dress like a young man, and of letting her go far into the logical consequences of the adventure. There is no doubt at all but that the Elizabethans considered that highly romantic; and as perversion is strange, and strangeness pleasurable, very likely it is romantic. There is this to be said of it, at any rate, that if we don't like it we shall never like "Twelfth Night," or a great part of Shakespeare's comedy. Once more—Pope Joan apart—we are nowhere near life, and it may then once more become a question whether we are near something better or something a good deal worse. It is very much a matter of taste. If the notion of maid wooing maid please us, stir us pleurably, all is said; but I may add that the opposite notion, unless treated with an almost impossible tact, would not please us at all. Shakespeare never touched upon that in a play, but Bandello did in a novel, as we shall see; and it seems to have been from Bandello that our poet got his main plot for "Twelfth Night."<sup>1</sup> I

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<sup>1</sup> This is my personal belief, though it ought to be said that the experts are not so sure. The Academy of the *Intronati* of Siena produced a play in 1531, first printed in 1537, called *Gl'Ingannati*, which has precisely the same plot as Bandello's tale (published at Lucca in 1554), and is equally like "Twelfth Night." Mr. Lee's supposition that the Sienese play was derived from the novel, is beaten

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don't know how old is this particular romantic device, nor can remember having found it in anything earlier than Boccaccio. There is something not unlike it in one of Lucian's Dialogues, and it probably is, like most notions, of Greek invention.

It is a delicate subject, treated by Shakespeare — in "Twelfth Night" at least — with beautiful, delicate discretion. If I am right in thinking that he took the story from Bandello, one can admire his honesty without reserve; for Bandello — a thick-fingered, heavy-handed prelate — was at no pains to refine away what he thought helpful to a good story. He prefixes the following argument to his tale: *How Nicuola, being in love with Lattanzio, goes to serve him dressed as a page, and after many adventures marries him; and what happened to a brother of hers.*

It should be added to that, for the fact is, that Nicuola and a brother Paolo are twins, and as like as two peas in a pod; and one may be pardoned for thinking that

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upon that matter of dates: the probabilities point to a common origin for both, but it is not yet clear from which Shakespeare drew his profit. I should have said, myself, that Bandello would have been the more accessible, and I remember that our man quarried from him more than once. This is curious, perhaps, that *Gl'Ingannati*, or rather *Il Sacrificio*, which is the "induction" to it, contains a character called Malevolti, a well-known Sienese family name — name, in fact, of the historian of the city. Mr. Morton Luce suggests that Olivia's steward may be scented here; but Malvolio has nothing else in common with Malevolti except that first syllable of his name, and against the vantage of that I can set the fact that in Bandello's story the phrase *Mala Voglia* occurs on nearly every page — so much so as to become an eyesore and offence. It is impossible to read the tale and not be conscious of this "damn'd iteration;" and *Mala Voglia* is much nearer Malvolio than Malevolti is. The question of origin has only an academic interest, except in the case of the Malvolio underplot — and here the learned fail me.



## INTRODUCTION

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Shakespeare's version would have gained in probability if he had contrived to hint at some such previous inclination of Viola to Orsino as Nicuola had to Lattanzio. But Shakespeare thought otherwise; or wanted his shipwreck; or did not trouble himself in the matter; and Bandello, as might be expected, must needs wreck his own invention by another, and fatal, touch, whereby he asks us to believe that Lattanzio had also been in love with Nicuola before the story opens. This necessitates the extreme absurdity that he has totally forgotten her, and can go so far as to talk to her of his former mistress Nicuola. The incredible postulate is too much; imagination boggles at it, and finds all that depends upon such a shift a weariness. Such as it is, however, the rest of the story is nearly preserved in "Twelfth Night": there is much interwoven love-making. Nicuola, as a page, goes the embassy to Catella, whom her oblivious Lattanzio now loves; Catella falls in love with her; Paolo arrives and takes his sister's place in Catella's heart; Lattanzio returns to his Nicuola; the bells ring. Instead of the complications of Antonio and Sebastian in our play, Bandello has some not too savoury intrigues of an old Gherardo, who wants to marry Nicuola and mistakes her brother for herself. The novel becomes, indeed, as it proceeds, highly Bandellian, and shows clearly enough in what, to the likes of him, lay the attractiveness of the theme. Shakespeare saves us all that, and gives us instead some of his most delicate love-music. The growth of the emotion in Olivia, from her "Why, what would you?" to her serious, "You might do much," and

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almost final "What is your parentage?" is surely as subtle a thing as one can find in Shakespeare. Directly we catch the drift of the pondered words, see that they tend to a confession of love, they become charged with significance, a significance which really, in themselves, they do not hold; and it is an instance of the admirable frugality of Shakespeare's literary economy that he contents himself with a bare disclosure of their import, and confidently leaves us to do the rest. What Olivia has said is in truth almost nothing — yet there is no abrupt transition into her swift, following rush of soliloquy, when after she has mused over her questions and Cesario's answers —

"'What's your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;  
'I am a gentleman'"

she breaks out,

"I'll be sworn thou art:  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!"

The woman is in an ecstasy of love; we accept it as a matter of course; and there's the work of a master. Equally fine, equally delicate and gradual, is the same sort of suggestion of the dawn of Viola's love for Orsino, if we except, as surely we must, her tag at the end of I, iv, —

. . . "a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife."

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That was for the ears of the groundlings ; and it is one of the puzzles of the play that an audience needing such italics as those before they could grasp at a plot could be made to understand the subtle revealing of Olivia's heart-trouble. Once over that shoal, Viola's story is exquisitely displayed. She is too eloquent one day ; she nearly betrays herself — when to her Duke's "How dost thou like this tune ?" she thrills her answer,

"It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where love is thron'd."

Orsino hears : that is indeed to "speak masterly!"  
Says he :

"My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves ;  
Hath it not, boy ?"

She owns to it. What kind of a woman ? he asks her. Of his complexion, saith she, of about his years — and so on. Here is wonderful comedy, full of "sudden glory" for us ; which deepens, when Feste and his wailing song —

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown" —

have departed, into the lovely gravity, the measured words of the girl-page —

"My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship" —

and then music which will never die so long as the English have ears and hearts. This too is comedy, even

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as "Come away, Death," is comedy; for there is nothing to prevent our sudden glory of laughter ending in a lump in the throat.

All the scenes that follow between these three were never to be surpassed by their poet. There is a dainty perfume about them, a noble discretion, a parsimony beyond words exciting. It is with the introduction of Sebastian that interest threatens to flag: one has had no chance of loving the young man; one would have him get out of the garden and leave us alone with our enchanted trio. As things are, the business ends with unmannerly haste. In IV, i, which is the first meeting of Sebastian with Olivia, he falls in love with her; in IV, iii, he marries her. This will never do! Let be for Sebastian, in whom our only interest is that he is Viola's brother; let be for Bandello, whose Paolo thought Catella a lady of the town, and behaved accordingly; but for Olivia, whose privilege had been to love Viola, to slip so lightly into wedlock with a mere surface image of that lovely person — this, for Viola's lovers, is too much. We feel that we have been tricked into it. It is almost an affront that Shakespeare, having suffered us to linger in a garden of delights, should on a sudden give a smack with his wand. The yew-tree bowers fall down and discover pasteboard; the flowers droop their heads and show us canvas-backing; the moon is a lantern behind a cloth. Or we have been at our dreaming, our make-believe: he tells us there's nothing in it, and hardly feigns an interest in his own magic.

But he has dealt so with us during four acts that

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a gracious image remains on the mind, too largely gracious even for Malvolio's wrongs to disturb. Seen in reminiscence, "Twelfth Night" appears as one of those lovely things, "wrought of moonbeams and flowing water," which will not bear, and is not meant to bear, examination through a magnifying glass. That way you may enlarge defects, but you dissipate beauties, not enhance them. These romantic figures passing and re-passing over the sward, sighing and longing, bowing, curtsying, in hedged gardens, in a green shade; this Countess love-lorn for a girl, this page adoring his master, these pert, peering maids, and recluse dreamers of states too lofty, and pranked gallants, and "dogs at a catch" — fantasies, things of gossamer: we know that now, but an hour ago could not have dreamed it. Perhaps they are as vain as Ferrarese pictures by Cosimo Tura or Dosso Dossi; they are of the same tender and immature charm. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath;" this may be of them and needs to make no greater claim.

Lamb has a good saying about "Twelfth Night": "Then a music-piece by Titian — a thousand-pound picture — five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, as M. observed, indicating great men, or affecting it, but so sweetly disposed, all leaning separate ways, but so easy — like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious — as good as Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' — almost, that is." So sweetly disposed, so easy, so sweet and harmonious! One may always trust Elia to get the rights of a Shakespeare play.

## TWELFTH NIGHT

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Now we come to Malvolio and the clowns, upon whose part in the piece there are many things to say; and the first of them is to record the consideration that while, in our day, Shakespeare's tragedy still stands entire and unquestioned, his comedy frequently does not. I explain myself ill, for I mean rather that what Shakespeare shows us to be tragic we think tragic still, but what he found to be comical does not always so appear to us. The Shylock story may be comedy, but we cannot find it comical; Caliban is by no means comical; "Twelfth Night" gives us another case. The contention, if it could seriously be made, that Malvolio is still a comic personage throughout, and his discomfiture a comical episode, is sufficiently answered by the fact that whenever the part is played by a good actor, the play becomes a kind of tragedy. This is not only the experience of those of our generation who may have had the fortune to see Mr. Phelps as Malvolio, it was equally the case with Charles Lamb when Bensley played it. "I confess," he says, "that I never saw the catastrophe of this character while Bensley played it without a kind of tragic interest."<sup>1</sup> The objection that to play it so is to throw the comedy out of balance is beside the point. It must be played so, more or less, nowadays, because so we feel it. Malvolio is too much of a gentleman that such treatment of him

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<sup>1</sup> All that Lamb says of Malvolio, and of Bensley, is much to the point. It is in "On some of the old Actors" (ed. Lucas, Vol. II, pp. 280 *seq.*). See especially p. 282 — "Bensley threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness" . . . — Elia at his highest. He does not forget either that Malvolio had an exemplar in Antonio, steward to the Duchess of Malfy, whom that unhappy lady wedded, to her undoing. That play also, be it noted, came from Bandello.

## INTRODUCTION

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should be tolerable to us. Perhaps, as Lamb says, he *is* too serious, perhaps “his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria,” perhaps he *is* “opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest.” I think all that is quite true. Up to the scene where he is to pick up the letter we have been watching one who seems to be a grave and punctilious gentleman. In that scene Shakespeare shows him indulging in extravagant dreams—before he finds the letter—for which we are unprepared; but from the moment he goes into his cell he resumes his gentle blood, and wins our pity. In Shakespeare’s day, it may well be, there was something comical in the notion that a servant should be a gentleman. Gentleness was then a matter of hard and fast category: either you were born a gentleman, or you were a menial. At that rate our times are out of joint; we now agree with Mr. Lang—or *diabolus*—who to the caviller against Dickens’s ability to portray a gentleman set up Joe Gargery, and was unanswerable. The comic element in Malvolio is actually more out of our reach than what there may be of it in Shylock, where the Jew is a bogey, acting inhumanly in the beginning that he may be inhumanly treated in the end. Caliban is perhaps more tragic: but Malvolio’s sufferings are gratuitous; there is assuredly nothing like them in comedy. We are scandalised, not tickled; we fatally miss our “sudden glory.” Hazlitt, who felt the difficulty, as Lamb did, but never confessed it, was driven to a very halting defence. “If poor Malvolio’s treatment,” says he, “is a little hard, poetical justice is done in

## TWELFTH NIGHT

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the uneasiness which Olivia suffers," etc., etc. Poetical justice!<sup>1</sup>

It is worth remarking — it is important to remark — that Malvolio and the plot woven about him took the lead of the main story at once. The famous diary of John Manningham, under date February 2, 1601, has this:—

“At our feast (in Middle Temple Hall) wee had a play called ‘Twelve Night, or What you Will,’ much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleve his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaille, &c., and then when he came to practice, making him beleve they tooke him to be mad.”<sup>2</sup>

Here it is obvious which part of the play struck the diarist in 1601, and equally obvious that he was diverted by it; in 1623, when it was done at Court, for the Candlemas revels, it was called “Malvolio” outright, and evidently so known in general. Charles I annotated his folio — the second — in his own hand, and against Shakespeare’s title, “Twelfth Night,” scored “Malvolio” in the

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<sup>1</sup> If Campbell, as I am told is the case, really considered Malvolio “an exquisitely vulgar coxcomb,” why, then, Campbell’s memory must pay the shot.

<sup>2</sup> Let not the unwary be deceived by the *Inganni*, here referred to, into thinking he has a proof that Shakespeare must have used *Gl’Ingannati*. There were many plays called *Gl’Inganni* or *L’Inganno*. The word meant *cheat, deception*, and it is probable that Manningham used it generically, to describe a class of play. *Inganno* is a cheat, *ingannare* to cheat, *ingannati*, the cheated.



## INTRODUCTION

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margin. All this learning comes from Professor Aldis Wright, who also cites Digges, writing in 1640,

. . . “lo, in a trice  
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full  
To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-gartered Gull.”

A Gull! That was what Shakespeare meant him for, and what we must assume he appeared to be to Caroline audiences. He was not so acceptable to the Restoration play-goer, if Pepys was a type. By Professor Aldis Wright's direction once more we may open the Diary twice. Pepys saw “Twelfth Night” in January, 1663: “but a silly play,” he judges it. Perhaps it was a hard winter. Yet six years later, again in January, he again sat it out. “One of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage.”

The learned consider the underplot to be Shakespeare's invention, and I cannot urge anything to the contrary. Perhaps he knew Bandello's story, from which Webster afterwards took his sombre tragedy, and took it lightly. I think he took everything in “Twelfth Night” lightly, as lightly as he chose the titles. For the titles of the beautiful, flimsy, iridescent, provoking thing are two: the first, from the occasion of its first performance, *Twelfth Night*; the second, *What you Will*. Is it extravagant to say that a deal of Shakespeare's shrouded history is unveiled in this? Is it not plain that he wrote to order, and equally plain that he set little store by his achievement — set little store by Viola? Great Apollo herded cattle for King Admetus, we know. He had his

## TWELFTH NIGHT

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reasons, but need not be supposed to have been proud of the feat. So here, the divine hack, having written for hire a play of no value in his own eyes, gave it a flick of the finger, and let it go. A name for the thing? *What you will!*

MAURICE HEWLETT.

**TWELFTH NIGHT;**  
**OR,**  
**WHAT YOU WILL**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.

FESTE, a Clown, }

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it*

<sup>1</sup> The piece was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into acts and scenes. Rowe in his edition of 1709 was the first to supply a list of characters with an indication of the "Scene."

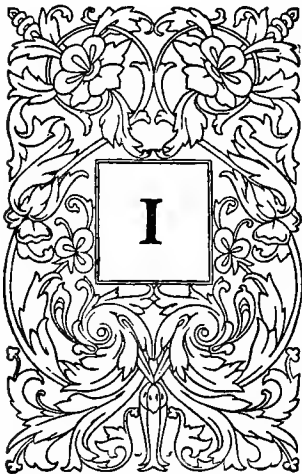


ACT FIRST — SCENE I

AN APARTMENT IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending*

DUKE



IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD  
of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, sur-  
feiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so  
die.  
That strain again! it had a dy-  
ing fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the  
sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of  
violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!

Enough; no more:

'T is not so sweet now as it was before.

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<sup>5</sup> *sound*] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Pope, followed by many other editors, substituted *south*, *i. e.*, the south wind. But

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT I

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:  
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20  
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE*

How now! what news from her?

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:

there is no need for any alteration. The sweet low hum (of the summer air) may well be imagined by poets to give forth an "odour." Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 555-557: "At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes, and stole upon the air."

11 *Receiveth as the sea*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxxv*, 9: "The sea, all water, yet receives rain still."

21-23 *turn'd into a hart*] A vague reminiscence of the story of Actæon. See note on *M. Wives*, II, i, 106. The precise imagery of the "hart,"

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
 Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

pursued by "thoughts like hounds," figures in Daniel's *Delia* (1592), Sonnet, v. The common quibble, "hart" and "heart," is repeated, IV, i, 58, *infra*.

26 *The element . . . heat*] The sky, till the heat of seven years, seven summers, have passed away. The word "element" was in hackneyed use for "the sky." Cf. III, i, 55-56, *infra*: "out of my welkin, I might say *element*, but the word is over-worn." In III, iv, 118, *infra*, Malvolio uses the word in the sense of "sphere" or "rank in life."

38-39 *fill'd . . . king!*] The verb ("fill'd") and its subject ("perfections") are inverted. The sentence means: Her sweet perfections, all her perfect qualities, are "filled," complemented, completed, by submission to one and the same "king" or master-passion. For this use of "perfections" cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 86: "All her *perfections* challenge sovereignty."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

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SCENE II—THE SEA-COAST

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors*

VIO. What country, friends, is this?

CAP. This is Illyria, lady.

VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

CAP. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIO. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you and those poor number saved with you 10

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIO. For saying so, there 's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

---

10 *those . . . number*] The noun of multitude is treated as a plural. Cf. I, v, 83, *infra*, "these set kind of fools."

15 *like Arion*] The familiar story of the rescue from drowning by a dolphin of the poet Arion is told by Ovid, *Fasti*, II, 83, *seq.*, and is alluded to by many Elizabethan poets, notably by Spenser, *Fairie Queene* IV, xi, 23.



CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIO. Who governs here?

CAP. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.

VIO. What is his name?

CAP. Orsino.

VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.

CAP. And so is now, or was so very late; 30  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 't was fresh in murmur, — as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of, —  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIO. What 's she?

CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving  
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company 40  
And sight of men.

VIO. O that I served that lady,  
And might not be delivered to the world,

---

25 *Duke*] Orsino is subsequently spoken of merely as "Count." See  
I, iv, 8, *infra*, and note.

40-41 *company And sight*] This is Hanmer's alteration of the Folio read-  
ing *sight And company*. Thus the metre is made regular.

42-44 *And might . . . estate is!*] Would that my name might not be  
announced publicly, till I had myself prepared the occasion (for dis-  
closing) what my condition is.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

---

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

CAP. That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50'  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIO. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

SIR To. What a plague means my niece, to take the  
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy  
to life.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except, before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so<sup>10</sup> be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.<sup>20</sup>

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word

---

<sup>6</sup> *except, before excepted*] This is a legal tag common in leases. Like many of Sir Toby's drunken repartees, it is introduced here without much point.

<sup>20</sup> *ducats*] the most familiar coin in the silver currency of Venice. Its value approximated to the American dollar, and the term was colloquially used in England in much the same way as "dollar" is nowadays.

for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 30

SIR To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-tractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 40

26 *indeed, almost natural*] Thus the First Folio. Much is to be said for the emendation *indeed all, most natural*, which seems logically to follow Toby's remark, "He hath *all* the good gifts of *nature*," and Maria's earlier comment, "He's a very *fool*." There is an obvious quibble on "natural" in the sense of "idiotic."

28 *allay the gust*] qualify the gusto or taste.

37 *coystrill*] This is a common term of contempt, meaning "a base fellow." Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, ii, "You whoreson bragging *coystril*." It seems to have been specially applied to a low kind of camp follower.

38 *parish-top*] A large top provided by the parochial authorities in Shakespeare's day for the boys to play with. Cf. Jonson's *New Inn*, II, ii, "Spins like the *parish-top*."

39 *Castiliano vulgo*] literally, the Spanish for "Castilian people." Apparently a meaningless bacchanalian exclamation, intended to turn

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK*

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir. 50

SIR AND. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

SIR TO. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you 60  
have fools in hand?

---

the conversation, like Christopher Sly's "paucas pallabris," *T. of Shrew*, Ind., i, 5. Hanmer substitutes for *vulgo, vulto* or *volto*. The phrase would then mean "a Castilian face," a grave, solemn countenance, and might be an ironical direction to Maria to be serious as Sir Andrew enters. But it is unwise to press the meaning far.

45 *Accost*] The meaning of the word is sufficiently explained in lines 52, 53, below.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

MAR. It 's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but <sup>70</sup> I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

SIR TO. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I <sup>80</sup>

65 "*thought is free*" ] a common proverbial apology for good-natured effrontery.

65-66 *bring . . . drink*] Maria would seem to offer to kiss Sir Andrew's hand, and to suggest at the same time a gift of money.

69 *It 's dry*] A dry hand was commonly held to be a sign of indifference to love, as well as of debility and old age. A moist hand was commonly taken to be the sign of an amorous disposition. Cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 33-35: "This *hand is moist*, my lady . . . This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart."

72 *A dry jest*] An insipid jest. Cf. I, v, 37, *infra*: "you're a *dry* fool."

75 *barren*] dull, witless, tedious: used in the same sense as "dry" at line 69. Cf. I, v, 78, *infra*.

am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of <sup>90</sup> hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

SIR TO. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR AND. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: <sup>99</sup> your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match

---

87 *in the tongues*] This word was often written and commonly pronounced as "tongs," and Sir Toby's retort about Sir Andrew's "head of hair" obviously shows that a pun on "tongs" in the sense of curling irons was intended.

93 *curl by*] This is Theobald's brilliant emendation of the original reading *cool my*.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT I

---

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

SIR AND. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man. 111

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. 116

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou

111 *an old man*] Theobald tentatively suggested a *nobleman*. Sir Andrew's language is intentionally foolish, and he is clumsily expressing a youth's conventional respect for age.

115 *back-trick*] Apparently a caper backwards in dancing, with a quibbling hint at turning one's back in fight. No other example of the word is found.

119 *Mistress Mall's picture*] Any lady's picture; Mall, the familiar abbreviation of Mary, was the commonest of all female Christian names. It is improbably suggested that reference is made to the famous woman cutpurse, Mary Frith, who was, early in the seventeenth century, widely known as Moll Cutpurse; she was not born before 1584, and did not achieve notoriety until some nine years after this play was written. For another reference to a picture concealed by a curtain, see I, v, 218, *infra*.



not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus! That's sides and heart. 130

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

120 *galliard . . . coranto*] names of lively dances.

122 *sink-a-pace*] a phonetic spelling of "cinque pace," a lively dance. See note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 66.

125 *under the star of a galliard*] an astrological reference to the controlling influences of the stars at birth. See line 29 below, and line 34 of the next scene. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, i, 302: "a star danced, and under that was I born."

127 *flame-colour'd*] This is Rowe's emendation of the original reading of the Folios, *dam'd coloured*, which is unintelligible. "Damned" as an adverbial imprecation does not seem known to Shakespeare's era. "Flame-coloured" occurs in *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 9: "a fair hot wench in *flame-coloured* taffeta."

130 *Taurus*] Astrology assumed that each part of the body was under the control of one or other signs of the zodiac. But both Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are in error in their reference to Taurus, who, according to the authorities, controls neither the "sides and hearts" nor the "legs and thighs," but the neck and throat.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

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SCENE IV—THE DUKE'S PALACE

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire*

VAL. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he constant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants*

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

10

DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

---

8 *the count*] In the stage directions throughout the play, Orsino is called "Duke," and is so spoken of at I, ii, 25. But everywhere else in the text he is referred to as "the count."

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds 20  
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what  
then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:  
It shall become thee well to act my woes;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip 30  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

---

27 *nuncio's*] This, the original reading, is hardly grammatical, but there is a colloquial ellipse of "person," which is suggested by "thy youth," *i. e.*, "thy youthful person" of the previous line.

31 *rubious*] apparently a once-used word; formed from "ruby."

33 *semblative*] also a once-used word, though "semblable" and "semblably" appear elsewhere in the same sense of "like" or "similar to." Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, v, i, 72, and *1 Hen. IV*, v, iii, 21.

34 *constellation*] See note on I, iii, 124-125, *supra*.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

VIO. I'll do my best  
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife! 40  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter MARIA and Clown*

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary? 10

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-

---

40 *barful*] another once-used word, meaning "full of obstacles."

9 "*I fear no colours*"] According to line 11 below, the saying was born "in the wars," and clearly means "I fear no enemy." It is a common phrase expressive of boldness. There is an obvious quibble here with "collars" (cf. l. 6).

13 *that have it*] that have repute for it.

sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then? 20

CLO. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

CLO. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove 30 fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

19 *for turning away . . . out*] If I am threatened with dismissal, — no uncommon experience, — let us wait for next season, — next summer, — and see if the threat take effect, *i.e.*, wait awhile and see.

21 *points*] a pun on the word "point" in the sense of metal hook or tag, which attaches the gaskins, *i.e.*, breeches or hose, to the doublet.

25-26 *as witty . . . Illyria*] Cf. *Much Ado*, IV, ii, 76: "as pretty a *piece of flesh as any* is in Messina."

32 *Quinapalus*] An apocryphal philosopher invented for the occasion, somewhat in the Rabelaisian vein, which reappears in II, iii, 22-24, in Sir Andrew's talk of "Pigrogromitus," etc.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

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*Enter* LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucul- 50

---

37 *a dry fool*] Cf. I, iii, 72, *supra*, "A *dry* [*i.e.*, insipid] jest."

39 *seq. Two faults, etc.*] The clown's whimsical wit is hardly capable of literal paraphrase. Many of his remarks are nearly allied to nonsense, and he seems talking against time, in order to escape rebukes which his freedom of speech invites.

46 *cuckold*] apparently a wilful blunder for "school" or "counsellor."

50 *Misprision*] Legally the term "misprision," which literally means "contempt," was applied to evil speaking of the sovereign, and was synonymous with "lèse majesté."

50-51 *cucullus . . . monachum*] "The cowl does not make the monk," a proverb in vogue throughout Europe.

lus non facit monachum; that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI. Can you do it?

CLO. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLI. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof. 60

CLO. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 70

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

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55 *Dexteriously*] This form of "dexterously" seems to have been a common vulgarism, like the modern "mischevious" for "mischievous."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look<sup>80</sup> you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing<sup>90</sup> but reprove.

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA*

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MAR. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

79 *barren*] dull, witless. Cf. I, iii, 75, *supra*.

83 *these . . . kind*] Cf. I, i, 10, *supra*, and note, and *Lear*, II, ii, 96: "These kind of knaves I know."

84 *fools' zanies*] Cf. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, i: "The other gallant is his *zany* [*i.e.*, the servant mimicking his master], and doth most of these tricks after him."

91 *Mercury . . . leasing*] May the god of cheats or liars endow thee, to thy profit, with the gift of lying.



OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

99

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, — here he comes, — one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

*Enter Sir TOBY*

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

110

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO. 'T is a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

CLO. Good Sir Toby!

OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.* 121

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

113 *pickle-herring*] The favourite relish for drunkards.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

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CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit. 130

*Re-enter MALVOLIO*

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you. 141

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

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124 *above heat*] above ordinary strength.

140 *sheriff's post*] A post which was often carved with elaborate ornament stood before the door of the house occupied by a city mayor and sheriff.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 153

OLI. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

*Re-enter MARIA*

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.  
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 157

*Enter VIOLA, and Attendants*

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and

---

149 *squash . . . codling*] terms respectively for an unripe peascod and an unripe apple.

150 *in standing water*] just at the turn of the tide, in the condition of stationary water that neither ebbs nor flows.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT I

---

that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech. 170

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. 181

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your <sup>190</sup> way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little

---

172 *my profound heart*] An ironical compliment on Olivia's sagacious suggestion that the speaker is acting a part.

191 *swabber*] one who mops the ship's deck at sea.  
*hull*] drift with the sails furled.

longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 200

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady, —

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom. 210

OLI. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

192 *giant*] an ironical reference to Maria, the diminutive guardian of her mistress. Cf. *infra*, II, iii, 166, "Penthesilea," II, v, 11, "the little villain," and III, ii, 62, "wren of nine."

193 *Tell . . . messenger*] This is the original reading. But most editors credit Olivia with this speech, "Tell me your mind," and Viola with the words, "I am a messenger."

203 *maidenhead*] maidenhood. Cf. "maidhood," III, i, 147, *infra*.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT I

---

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [Unveiling. 220

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? 233

218 *draw the curtain*] Cf. I, ii, 118-119, and note.

219 *such a one . . . present*] I was this a moment ago, when you expressed doubt of my identity. See line 176, *supra*.

221 *if God did all*] a hint at the liberal use of cosmetics, to which Elizabethan ladies were prone.

222 *in grain*] of a fast dye that will not wash out. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 33, "robe of darkest grain."

225-227 *Lady . . . copy*] The same idea is elaborated in Shakespeare's opening sonnets, especially *Sonnets* iii, iv, ix, xiii. Cf. "She [*i.e.*, nature] carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby Thou shouldst print more, not let that *copy die*" (*Sonnet xi*, 13,14).

VIO. I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
 My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
 Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd  
 The nonpareil of beauty!

OLI. How does he love me?

VIO. With adorations, fertile tears,  
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 240

OLI. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love  
 him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
 In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;  
 And in dimension and the shape of nature  
 A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
 In your denial I would find no sense; 250  
 I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air

244 *well divulged*] well spoken of by the world.

245 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. v, i, 229.

249 *deadly life*] life charged with the pangs of death.

Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

OLI. You might do much. 260

What is your parentage?

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense. 270  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

OLI. "What is your parentage?"  
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

268 *fee'd post*] hired messenger.

277 *five-fold blazon*] Cf. *Sonnet* cvi, 5-6: "Then, in the *blazon* [*i.e.*, description] of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow."

278 *Unless . . . man*] Olivia seems to be thinking almost unconsciously of the Duke whose suit she could not bring herself to entertain, unless the master were like the man.



Methinks I feel this youth's perfections 280  
 With an invisible and subtle stealth  
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
 What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO*

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,  
 The county's man: he left this ring behind him,  
 Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
 I'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio. 290

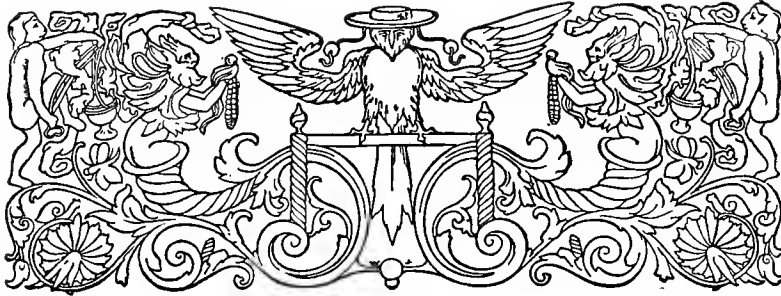
MAL. Madam, I will. [Exit.

OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find  
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
 What is decreed must be, and be this so. [Exit.

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285 *The county's man*] This is Capell's emendation, for metrical reasons, of the First Folio reading *countes* and the later Folios' reading *counts*. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, v, 6, "The County Paris."

293 *Mine eye . . . mind*] My eye may take too flattering a view of the youth's beauty for my reason to resist the effect.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I  
*THE SEA-COAST*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

ANTONIO



WILL YOU STAY NO longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a <sup>10</sup>

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9-10 *determinate . . . extravagancy*] The voyage I have resolved upon is mere vagrancy, mere roaming.

touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach  
of the sea was my sister drowned. 20

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble. 30

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

---

12-13 *charges me . . . myself*] good manners compel me to reveal myself.

15 *Messaline*] An imaginary place, for which editors sometimes substitute *Metelin*, the modern name of Mitylene. Cf. V, i, 224, *infra*.

24 *with such estimable wonder*] in view of such estimable and wondrous beauty.

31-32 *If you . . . servant*] If you do not wish to kill me because I love you, let me be your servant.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.]

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40  
Else would I very shortly see thee there.  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

SCENE II—A STREET

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following*

MAL. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his

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36 *so near . . . my mother*] of so womanish a temperament. Cf. *Hen. V*, IV, vi, 31: "And all my mother came into mine eyes."

affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.  
Receive it so. 10

VIO. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[Exit.

VIO. I left no ring with her : what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,  
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly. 20  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be. 30

11 *She took the ring of me*] This is the original reading. Viola is screening Olivia, and forbears to question Malvolio's statement. Malone needlessly substituted *She took no ring of me*.

26 *the pregnant enemy*] the alert enemy of mankind, *i.e.*, the devil.

27-28 *How easy . . . forms!*] How easy is it for the handsome deceivers to make an impression on women's waxen hearts! Cf. *Lucrece*, 1240, 1241: "For men have marble, *women waxen, minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will.*"

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman, — now alas the day! —  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit.]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

SIR To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and “*diluculo surgere*,” thou know'st, —

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

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31 *fadge*] turn out. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.*: “*Andár* a vánga, to *fadge* or prosper with.”

2 “*diluculo surgere*”] *sc.* saluberrimum est, “To rise at dawn is very healthy,” — an adage drawn from Lily's Grammar, which was the standard text-book in Elizabethan schools.

9 *four elements*] earth, water, fire, and air, according to the popular learning of the day. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vii, 21–22, “he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.”

SIR AND. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather <sup>10</sup> consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

*Enter Clown*

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou <sup>20</sup> wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's

---

16 *picture of "we three"*] A common ale-house sign on which was painted the heads of two fools, or two asses, with the legend "We three logger-heads be." The spectator makes up the trio.

22-23 *Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus*] These proper names, which seem to be invented for the occasion, are in the vein of Rabelais, and suggest some acquaintance with *Pantagruel's Voyage de la Dive Bouteille*. Cf. I, v, 32 *supra*, "Quinapalus."

25-27 *I did impeticos . . . houses*] The clown talks nonsense to something of this effect: "I impocketed thy diminutive gratuity (or I gave it to my petticoat companion). Malvolio's inquisitive nose may smell out our sins, but cannot punish them. My sweetheart is a lady of refinement, and the myrmidons, the humbler retainers of a noble household, are not of the vulgar and coarse character attaching to pot-houses."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's<sup>30</sup> have a song.

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a —

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLO. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low: 40  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:

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<sup>38</sup> *seq. O mistress mine*] This song figures — words and music — in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599. It was probably borrowed by Shakespeare, and is not his own composition.



In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty, 50  
 Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
 But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we  
 rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls  
 out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a 60  
 catch.

CLO. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou  
 knave."

CLO. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall  
 be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR AND. 'T is not the first time I have constrained  
 one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy  
 peace."

CLO. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*]

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50 *sweet and twenty*] sweetly and twenty times.

57-58 *catch . . . weaver*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 125-126: "I would I were  
 a *weaver*; I could sing psalms or any thing." Weavers were com-  
 monly held to be good singers. The "catch that will draw three souls  
 out of one weaver" must have rare powers of enchantment.

62-63 "*Thou knave*"] The music of this catch is given in a music book  
 called *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

*Enter MARIA*

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 70

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 80

SIR TO. [*Sings*] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

MAR. For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO*

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble

---

73 *Cataian*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 129: "I will not believe such a *Cataian*" (*i.e.*, "Heathen Chineec," impostor).

74 *Peg-a-Ramsey*] A popular tune. An early version of the notes without words is in William Ballet's Lute-book, an early Elizabethan manuscript volume in Trinity College, Dublin.

"*Three merry men, etc.*"] This burden of an old song figures in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* (1598), I, i, 22. The original tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*.

76 *There dwelt a man in Babylon*] See note on *M. Wives*, III, i, 22, where the ballad to which this line belongs is again quoted.

81 *O, the twelfth day of December*] A line from some lost ballad.

like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! 90

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is 't even so? 100

SIR TO. "But I will never die."

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go?"

CLO. "What an if you do?"

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

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86 *coziers'* cobblers'. Cf. Minsheu's *Dict.*, "Cosier or sowter from the Spanish word *coser*, *i.e.*, to sew. *Vide* Botcher, Souter or Cobler."

97 "*Farewell, dear heart, etc.*" A popular ballad first found in print (with words and music) in Robert Jones' *Booke of Ayres*, 1601. All the lines in quotations in the next eight lines are drawn from this piece. In later poetical miscellanies it is entitled "Corydon's farewell to Phillis."

CLO. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 110

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 121

SIR TO. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone

113-114 *rub your chain with crumbs*] Stewards wore gold chains round their necks in right of their office. In Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, III, ii, 229, it was said of a steward that he "scours his gold chain" with "the chippings of the buttery."

117 *uncivil rule*] revelry; cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 5, "night-rule."

118 *shake your ears*] A common phrase, usually meaning "go away," "good riddance to you." Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, IV, i, 25-26: "turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to *shake his ears*."

with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. 129

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough. 136

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 143

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye,

---

127 *gull him . . . nayword*] hoax him so that he become a byword or laughing-stock. Rowe first substituted a *nayword* for the original reading *an ayword*. The latter form seems unknown. "Nayword" is used both for "by-word" and "password." Cf. *M. Wives*, II, ii, 131.

131 *puritan*] See II, v, 7, *infra*.

138-139 *cons . . . swarths*] learns by heart gossip of state affairs and spouts it in great lengths or masses.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 151

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 't will be admirable! 160

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too. 170

SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

---

166 *Penthesilea*] Queen of the Amazons, mentioned by Ovid in his *Ars Amatoria*, III, 2, and *Heroides*, XXI, 118. Maria's diminutive stature gives ironical point to the exclamation. Cf. I, v, 192, "your giant."

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. <sup>180</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—THE DUKE'S PALACE

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others*

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:  
Come, but one verse.

176 *cut*] A common expression of contempt, "cut" meaning a bobtailed horse. Cf. Falstaff's "spit in my face; call me *horse*," *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 187.

179 *burn . . . sack*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 191: "a pottle of *burnt sack*," and note.

5 *recollected terms*] studied or stilted expressions; phrases lacking spontaneity. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 406, "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it? 10

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned. 20

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:  
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy?

VIO. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'  
faith?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman  
take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart: 30



For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
 Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;  
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;  
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

40

*Re-enter CURIO and Clown*

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;  
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
 Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
 And dallies with the innocence of love,  
 Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*]

33 *lost and worn*] This is the original reading, for which Hanmer, followed by other editors, substitutes *lost and won*. "Worn" in the sense of "worn out," "exhausted," "past," is common. Cf. "*worn times*," in *Wint. Tale*, V, i, 142.

44 *And the free maids . . . bones*] And the happy maids, free from care, who weave bone lace, make lace with bone bobbins.

47 *Like the old age*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxvii*, 1: "In *the old age* [*i. e.*, past time] black was not counted fair."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

SONG

CLO. Come away, come away, death, 50  
    And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
    I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
    O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
    Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
    On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet 60  
    My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
    Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
    To weep there!

DUKE. There 's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or 70  
another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the  
tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy  
mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy  
put to sea, that their business might be every thing and  
their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes  
a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

---

51 *cypress*] coffin of cypress wood.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

80

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

VIO.

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

90

You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —

No motion of the liver, but the palate, —

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

100

95 *retention*] power of retaining. Cf. V, i, 75, *infra*, "without *retention*," and *Sonnet* cxxii, 9: "That poor *retention* could so much hold."

98 *cloyment*] A word meaning "satiety," of Shakespeare's invention. It is found nowhere else.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT II

---

Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO.                                      Ay, but I know, —

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

DUKE.                                      And what 's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,      110  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.      120  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE.                                      Ay, that 's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny.      [*Exeunt.*]

---

113 *like patience on a monument*] Cf. *Pericles*, V, i, 136-138: "yet thou dost look Like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling Extremity* out of act."

## SCENE V—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

*Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

SIR TO. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

10

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

*Enter MARIA*

How now, my metal of India!

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close,

5 *sheep-biter*] A contemptuous term derived from a dog that worries sheep by biting. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 352: "your *sheep-biting* face."

7 *bear-baiting*] This form of sport was warmly condemned by Puritans, with whose sourness of disposition Malvolio has been already credited: Act II, iii, 131, *supra*, "sometimes he is a kind of *puritan*."

12 *my metal of India*] my treasure of gold.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

---

in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit. 20

*Enter MALVOLIO*

MAL. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

SIR TO. Here 's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue! 30

SIR TO. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

---

22 *she*] *i. e.*, Olivia, Maria's mistress.

29 *jets . . . plumes*] proudly struts with his feathers uplifted.

36 *the lady of the Strachy*] Who this lady was, and why she was chosen as the type of a high-born and wealthy dame who married an officer of her household, are questions that have not been satisfactorily settled. The reading has been disputed, but no acceptable emendation has been proposed. The context indicates that "the Strachy" must be the name either of the lady's residence or of some high office at a royal court held by the lady herself or by her deceased husband.

SIR AND. Fie on him Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him. <sup>40</sup>

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

SIR To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, —

SIR To. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my <sup>50</sup> place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

SIR To. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, —

SIR To. Shall this fellow live?

---

But no place-name nor any designation of a titular court-office at home or abroad which has been suggested corresponds with sufficient verbal closeness to "the Strachy" to give it a hearing.

44 branched] Cotgrave in his *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* explains "velours figurés" as "branched velvet" (*i. e.*, velvet ornamented with patterns of leaves and flowers).

49-50 to have the humour . . . regard] to assume the high air of authority, and after gravely scanning my attendants one by one.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,  
yet peace. 60

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my  
familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the  
lips then?

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast  
me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech," —

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot. 70

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time  
with a foolish knight," —

SIR AND. That 's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One Sir Andrew," —

SIR AND. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate  
reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her 80

---

59 *with cars*] The general meaning is that our silence must be preserved, though the heaviest strain be applied to draw it from us, or make us break it. The strain of "cars" pulling against one satisfies the context. The proposed substitutions of *carts*, *cables*, *racks*, *ords*, seem needless. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 265: "a *team of horse* shall not *pluck* that from me."



very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MAL. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins, him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads*]           Jove knows I love:  
                                  But who?  
                                  Lips, do not move;  
                                  No man must know.

90

“No man must know.” What follows? the numbers altered! “No man must know:” if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. [*reads*] I may command where I adore;  
                                  But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
                                  With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
                                  M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FAB. A fustian riddle!

100

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. “M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.” Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FAB. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

---

86 *impressure her Lucrece*] Seals, bearing the figure of the Roman matron, Lucrece, were in common use. The figure of Lucrece was very familiar to Elizabethan Londoners as the sign of Purfoot's well-known printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT II

---

SIR TO. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MAL. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! M, O, A, I, — 111

SIR TO. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

FAB. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

FAB. And O shall end, I hope. 120

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

MAL. And then I comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might

105 *staniel*] The original reading is *stallion*, for which Hanmer cleverly substituted *staniel*, *i. e.*, a hawk. The mention of "wings" and "checking" renders "stallion" impossible. "Check," a technical term in falconry, is applied to the sudden swoop of the hawk in flight when she catches sight of winged prey. Cf. III, i, 61, *infra*.

108 *formal capacity*] well-regulated mind.

113–114 *Sowter . . . fox*] Fabian is here, as in his succeeding speech, ironical. "Sowter" (*i. e.*, botcher, cobbler) is used as the name of a bad, dull hound. So poor a cur, although capable of any amount of bungling, must take this scent.

see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 127

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,<sup>140</sup>

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

125 *this simulation . . . former*] this disguise is not quite so easy of detection as what went before.

129 *born*] The original reading is *become*, for which Rowe substituted *born*. The expression is so quoted in the Folios at the two other places of this play where it is repeated. See III, iv, 39, *infra*, and V, i, 357.

134 *the trick of singularity*] the affectation of eccentricity or originality.

136-137 *yellow stockings and . . . cross-gartered*] Yellow was at the time a popular colour of stockings. The boys of Christ's Hospital, whose dress dates from Edward VI's time, still wear yellow stockings. Men of fashion were in the habit of wearing their garters crossed both above and below the knee, with the ends fastened together behind the knee.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 161

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device, —

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

142 *Daylight . . . more*] Broad day and the open country cannot make things plainer.

143 *politic authors*] writers on statecraft.

161 *the Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. He is mentioned again, III, iv, 266, *infra*.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter MARLA*

SIR To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave? 171

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either?

SIR To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 176

MAR. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

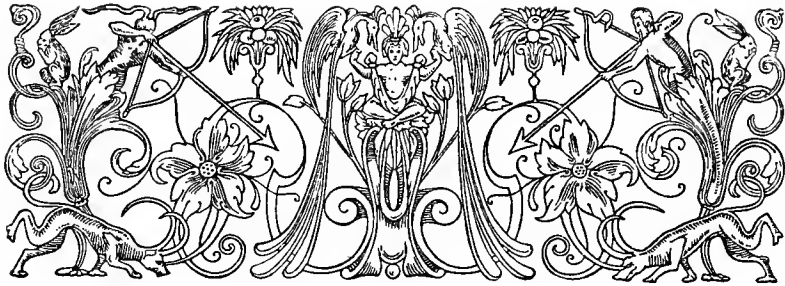
SIR To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

170 *play my freedom at tray-trip*] stake my liberty at the game of dice, called tray [*i. e.*, trey-, three]-trip.

176 *aqua-vitæ*] strong spirit, "eau de vie." See *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 776.

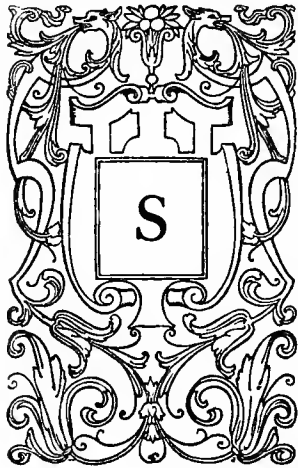
184 *Tartar*] Hell. Cf. *Hen. V*, II, ii, 123: "vasty *Tartar*."



ACT THIRD — SCENE I  
OLIVIA'S GARDEN

VIOLA

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor*



SAVE THEE, FRIEND, AND  
thy music: dost thou live by thy  
tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the  
church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir: I  
do live by the church; for I do  
live at my house, and my house  
doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou mayst say, the  
king lies by a beggar, if a beggar  
dwell near him; or, the church  
stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sen-<sup>10</sup>  
tence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly  
the wrong side may be turned outward!

<sup>10</sup> sentence] maxim. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 9.

VIO. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man? 20

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: <sup>30</sup> she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

11 *cheveril glove*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 80: "O, here 's a *wit of cheveril* [*i. e.*, kid leather], that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!"

19 *words . . . rascals, etc.*] The clown, continuing his perverse and incoherent argument, concludes that words are capable of any rascality in order to escape from the bonds in which grammar and logic confine their significance. There is no ground for detecting in "bonds" an allusion to legislation of 1600, which placed new restrictions on the liberties of the actor's profession in London.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT III

---

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee. <sup>40</sup>

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus. <sup>50</sup>

VIO. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*.

37-38 *but the fool should be*] unless the fool were, if the fool were not.

40 *pass upon*] Cf. V, i, 339, *infra*, "This practice hath most shrewdly *pass'd upon* thee," where "pass upon" means "impose," "deceive," "trick." This may be the meaning here. But it is usually interpreted metaphorically as making a quick thrust or pass in fencing.

53 *Cressida was a beggar*] In Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*, a poem often attributed in popular error to Chaucer, Cressida was condemned to a life of begging for her fickleness.

56 "*element*" ] For an example of the use of this word for "sky," see I, i, 26, *supra*.



VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit:  
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 The quality of persons, and the time, 60  
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
 As full of labour as a wise man's art:  
 For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
 But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW*

SIR TO. Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIO. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 70

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is  
 desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the  
 list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

61 *haggard, check*] Cf. II, v, 105, *supra*, and note.

65] The First Folio reads here *wisemens jolly falne, quite taint*. The reading adopted here was suggested independently by both Theobald and Capell. The meaning seems to be that wise men who descend to folly imperil all their intelligence. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 75-76: "Folly in fools bears not so strong a note *As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote.*"

74 *list*] bound, limit. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, IV, i, 51: "The very *list*, the very utmost bound." So in "lists" of a tournament.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented. 80

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:" I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give 90 me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. 99

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

---

79 *gait and entrance*] going and entering.

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf.

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you;  
I bade you never speak again of him:  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady, —

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse 110  
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours: what might you  
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your  
receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,  
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love. 120

---

117 *That tyrannous heart . . . receiving*] The exceptional length of the line is sufficiently justified by Olivia's emotional disturbance. "Receiving" in the sense of "receptivity" is rare.

118 *cypress*] Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 35: "sable stole of cypress lawn" (*i. e.*, mourning garments).

120-121 *degree . . . grize*] Both words here mean "step."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

VIO. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock strikes.  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man: 130  
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-ho!  
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!  
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:  
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 140  
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidenhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

150

VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
 And that no woman has; nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu, good madam: never more  
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move <sup>160</sup>  
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

SIR AND. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to  
 the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon  
 me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me  
 that.

SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

---

150-151 *Do not . . . cause*] From this clause, short sentence, or avowal  
 that I woo you, do not wring the conclusion that you have no cause  
 to woo me on your part.

152 *reason fetter*] restrain one inference or reflection by another.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward<sup>10</sup>  
you.

SIR AND. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of  
judgement and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen since  
before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight  
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,  
to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver.  
You should then have accosted her; and with some ex-<sup>20</sup>  
cellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have  
banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at  
your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this  
opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now  
sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you  
will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless  
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of  
valour or policy.

SIR AND. An't be any way, it must be with valour;  
for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a  
politician.

---

25-26 *like an icicle . . . beard*] This simile seems to have been suggested  
by an English translation of a Dutch account of the discovery by a  
Dutchman, Willem Barents, in 1596, of Nova Zembla, and of the ex-  
plorer's sufferings from extremity of cold. The translation seems to  
have been first published in 1598, though no copy earlier than 1609  
has been met with.

29 *Brownist . . . politician*] Both terms are usually employed by the  
dramatists in a contemptuous sense. A "politician" meant in Shake-

SIR TO. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. <sup>30</sup>

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it. <sup>40</sup>

---

speare's vocabulary a venal political intriguer. "Brownist" was a member of the religious sect of Puritan separatists or independents, which was founded by Robert Brown about 1580, and rapidly spread in secret, despite efforts made to suppress it. Cf. *Ram Alley*, 1611 (I, i): "Pandarism! Why, 't is grown a liberal science, Or a new sect, and the good professors Will (like the *Brownist*) frequent gravel-pits shortly. For they use woods and obscure holes already." For scornful allusions to puritans, see *supra*, II, iii, 131, and II, v, 7.

41-42 *thou thou'st*] To address a person as "thou" was held to be insulting. Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, passionately denounced the prisoner with the words: "I *thou* thee, thou traitor."

44 *bed of Ware*] A bed of gigantic size, capable of holding twelve persons, long gave notoriety to an inn at Ware, a village in Hertfordshire. It is said to be now preserved at the Rye House in Epping Forest.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby. 50

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

SIR TO. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage 60 no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

SIR TO. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chris-

---

49 *the cubiculo*] Sir Toby's bombastic periphrasis for Sir Andrew's lodging or bedroom.

62 *wren of nine*] The original reading is *wren of mine*, and may be right. For *mine* Theobald substituted *nine*. The allusion is to Maria's diminutive stature. The wren is "the most diminutive of birds" (*Macb.*, IV, ii, 10), and lays at a time nine or ten eggs, usually of descending size.

63 *the spleen*] Cf. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, XI, 37: "Intemperate *laughers* alwaies have great *spleenes*."



tian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TO. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a<sup>70</sup> school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]<sup>78</sup>

## SCENE III—A STREET

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

<sup>67</sup> *passages of grossness*] acts of absurdity.

<sup>70-71</sup> *pedant . . . church*] "Pedant" usually meant "pedagogue." In country places churches were often used as schoolhouses.

<sup>74</sup> *new map . . . Indies*] A new map of the world was made in 1599 by Emmerie Mollineux. It is multilineal, and plainly marks recent exploration in both the East and the West hemispheres. It is sometimes, but very rarely, found inserted in copies of Hakluyt's *Navigations*, second edition, 1598. It was published quite separately. There is a facsimile in Maclehose's new edition of *Hakluyt*, 1903, vol. I, *ad fin.*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,      ACT III

---

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
 More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
 And not all love to see you, though so much  
 As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
 But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
 Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
 Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10  
 Rough and inhospitable: my willing love,  
 The rather by these arguments of fear,  
 Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB.                                      My kind Antonio,  
 I can no other answer make but thanks,  
 And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns  
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:  
 But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
 You should find better dealing. What 's to do?  
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. <sup>20</sup>

SEB. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:  
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
 With the memorials and the things of fame  
 That do renown this city.

ANT.                                      Would you 'ld pardon me;  
 I do not without danger walk these streets:  
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys

---

15 *And thanks . . . turns*] The original reading is *And thanks: and ever oft good turnes*, a line from which a foot is missing. Theobald substituted *And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns*, which seems a satisfactory emendation.

I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not then walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, 40  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

28 *it . . . answer'd*] the charge could hardly be met. In line 33 "answer'd" is used in the sense of "met by payment of compensation."

36 *lapsed*] There is no other example of "lapsed" in its present sense of "caught," "surprised." "Latch," in the sense of catch, is used elsewhere in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 195, "words . . . in the desert air, *Where hearing* should not *latch* them," and *Sonnet* cxiii, 6. "Latched" may be the right reading here.

39 *Elephant*] See *infra*, IV, iii, 5. Several taverns in Elizabethan England bore this sign. Tom Taylor, the water-poet, writing in 1636, mentions one at Wantage and another at Henley. The "Elephant and Castle," in Newington, a southern suburb of London, was almost as well known an inn in Shakespeare's day as at the present time.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — OLIVIA'S GARDEN

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

OLI. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:  
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange  
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave? 10

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your  
ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he  
come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad  
as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

---

1 *he says he'll come*] Olivia is anxiously deliberating with herself: suppose,  
she says, he promises to come.

2 *what bestow of him ?*] what shall I bestow on him, make him a present of?

5 *sad and civil*] grave and solemn.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLI. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some<sup>20</sup> obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I 'll come to thee.<sup>30</sup>

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

<sup>23</sup> *sonnet* . . . "Please one, and please all"] The title of a popular ballad, a composition which was often termed a "sonnet." It seems to have been first published in 1591. An original copy is in the Huth Library. There are seventeen stanzas.

<sup>30</sup> *ay, sweet-heart* . . . *to thee*] A line from an old ballad, also quoted in *Tarlton's Jest*s (1611), ed. Halliwell, p. 39, and Brome's *English Moor* (1659), Act I, Sc. iii, ed. Pearson, vol. II, p. 13.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great," —

OLI. Ha!

40

MAL. "Some achieve greatness," —

OLI. What sayest thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLI. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —

OLI. Thy yellow stockings!

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLI. Cross-gartered!

MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to beso;" — 50

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant*

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 60

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

MAL. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly

61 *come near*] understand.

with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed <sup>70</sup> her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN*

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him. <sup>80</sup>

FAB. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

<sup>70</sup> *some sir of note*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 352: "O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient *sir*."

<sup>72</sup> *fellow*] often used for companion, and implying equal social standing.

<sup>80</sup> *drawn in little*] contracted into a narrow space, into a small compass.

The context does not admit the meaning "depicted in miniature," which these words bear elsewhere.

*Legion*] Cf. *Mark* v, 9: "My name is *Legion*."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

MAL. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say. 100

MAL. How now, mistress!

MAR. O Lord!

SIR To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir! 109

SIR To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is

---

110 *Ay, Biddy, come with me*] Probably a fragment of a song.



not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx!

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

SIR To. Is 't possible?

120

FAB. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MAR. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter.

128

SIR To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the de-

111 *cherry-pit*] A child's game of pitching cherry stones into a little hole. Cf. Rowley's *Witch of Edmonton*, III, i: "I have loved a witch ever since I played at *cherry-pit*."

118 *element*] sphere, or rank in life. Elsewhere in the play, I, i, 26, and III, i, 56, *supra*, the word is used in the sense of "sky."

123-124 *His very genius, . . . device*] His very soul has got grip of the plot.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,     ACT III

---

vice to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen.  
But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant  
there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FAB. Is 't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read. 140

SIR TO. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art,  
thou art but a scurvy fellow.

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,  
why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

FAB. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of  
the law.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my  
sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is  
not the matter I challenge thee for. 150

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

SIR TO. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it  
be thy chance to kill me, —

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

---

134 *a finder of madmen*] Under the writ “de lunatico inquirendo,” “finders  
of madmen,” were appointed to report on persons suspected of mad-  
ness, after the manner of the modern “commissioners in lunacy.”

136 *More matter for a May morning*] On May Day it was the custom to  
perform comic interludes or fantastic dances.

156 *windy side*] Cf. note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 233: “On the *windy side*  
of care.”

SIR TO. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK. 160

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

173

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

186

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA*

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 190

*[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]*

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out:  
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears  
Goes on my master's grief.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 200  
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,  
That honour saved may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this; — your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.]

---

192 *And laid . . . out*] *Out* is Theobald's emendation of the original reading *on 't*, and is hardly open to question. Olivia has exposed her honour too prodigally. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii, 36: "The *chariest* [*i. e.*, strictest] maid" is prodigal enough.

*Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN*

SIR To. Gentleman, God save thee.

209

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 218

SIR To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private

213-214 *dismount thy tuck*] draw thy sword or rapier.

224-225 *knight . . . on carpet consideration*] Cf. *Much Ado*, V, ii, 29: *carpet-mongers*, *i. e.*, carpet knights, whose title is not derived from military service. *Unhatched rapier* is obviously "rapier that has seen no genuine service." Pope needlessly substituted *unhack'd*, which gives the same sort of sense. "Hatch" has often the technical sense, as in cross-hatching, of "engrave," "ornament," and both blade and hilt of a good serviceable rapier were more or less richly "hatched." "Unhatched" might well be applied figuratively to a weapon which bore no marks of usage in battle. Cf. Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, II, v: "I am no soldier . . . *unhatcht* [*i. e.*, unmarked] with blood."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't. 229

VIO. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 240

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.]

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more. 250

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him

---

233 *quirk*] caprice, odd humour. Cf. *All 's Well*, III, ii, 47: "*quirks* of joy and grief."

by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.* 260

*Re-enter* SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW

SIR TO. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a *frago*. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 269

SIR AND. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a

263 *stuck in*] Sir Toby has already miscalled "virago," "frago." Now he corrupts the Italian fencing term for "thrust," "stoccata," into "stuck in."

266 *Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. Cf. II, v, 161, *supra*.

273 *Capilet*] apparently a diminutive, formed from "capul" or "caple," a north-country word for a horse.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

---

good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA*

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 280

SIR TO. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better be-thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the support-ance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIO. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious. 288

SIR TO. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIO. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*They draw.*

---

277 *take up*] Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 92, 93: "I knew when seven justices could not *take up* [*i. e.*, make up] a quarrel."

279 *He is . . . of him*] He has formed as horrible or terrifying an idea of him.

291 *duello*] The code of the duel which Shakespeare had studied in Vincentio Saviolo's *Practise*, 1595. Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 81, *seq.*



*Enter ANTONIO*

ANT. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:  
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TO. You, sir! why, what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 301

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*[They draw.]*

*Enter Officers*

FAB. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TO. I'll be with you anon.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised  
you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily  
and reins well.

FIRST OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

SEC. OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count  
Orsino. 311

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

302 *undertaker*] Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "Entrepreneur. An . . .  
*undertaker*, Broker, Pettifogger, or intermedler in other mens con-  
trouersies."

308 *reins well*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 244): "Youth never  
*reineth* well [*i. e.*, answers to the rein], but when age holdeth the  
bridle." Sir Andrew refers to his horse (see l. 273).

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

ANT. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking  
you:

But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.  
What will you do, now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
Much more for what I cannot do for you 320  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;  
But be of comfort.

SEC. OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;  
I 'll make division of my present with you: 330  
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

VIO. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

329 *having*] property, fortune. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, ii, 62.

330 *my present*] my present store.

339 *lying vainness*] lying boastfulness.

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 340  
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

SEC. OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see  
here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;  
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFF. What 's that to us? The time goes by:  
away!

ANT. But O how vile an idol proves his god!  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 350  
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:  
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FIRST OFF. The man grows mad: away with him!  
Come, come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.]

VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself: so do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 360

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:  
we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He named Sebastian: I my brother know

354 *o'erflourish'd*] ornamented with scroll work. Cf. *Sonnet* lx, 9:  
"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

Yet living in my glass; even such and so  
 In favour was my brother, and he went  
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
 For him I imitate: O, if it prove,  
 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 372

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not, — [*Exit.*]

FAB. Come, let 's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

364 *Yet living in my glass*] Still surviving in the reflection of my own face in the glass.

373 *religious in it*] religiously practising it, *i. e.*, cowardice.



ACT FOURTH—SCENE I  
BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown*

CLOWN



WILL YOU MAKE ME BELIEVE that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SER. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:  
Thou know'st not me.

10

CLO. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

---

cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These <sup>20</sup> wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

SEB. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TO. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.* <sup>30</sup>

---

12-13 *Vent my folly! . . . cockney*] If affected mincing words, like "vent," are to come into common use, then this great awkward lubber, the mass of mankind, is likely to prove a simpering fool. "Cockney" is an ordinary synonym for "an effeminate fellow."

14 *ungird thy strangeness*] put off, have done with this reserve, this stand-offish manner.

17 *Greek*] Greek, like Trojan, was in colloquial use for "fellow" or "companion."

22 *after . . . purchase*] at a very extravagant rate. The current price of land or houses—commodities ordinarily valued at so many years' purchase—was estimated at only twelve years' rent.

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold.

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou  
now? 40

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter OLIVIA*

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR TO. Madam!

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone! [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend, 50  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent

50 *Rudesby*] Cf. Guazzo's *Civile Conversation* (translated by Pettie, 1581, p. 78): "A clowne, a *rudesby* [*i. e.*, a boor], or a contemner of others."

52 *extent*] properly a legal term for seizure of property under a writ of

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:  
 Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?  
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: 60  
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLI. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled  
 by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter MARIA and Clown*

MAR. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;  
 make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it  
 quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

execution. Cf. *As you like it*, III, i, 17, and note. Here the word is employed without legal significance in the general sense of violent assault.

58 *He started one poor heart*] There is a slight quibble here on "hunting the hart," and "touching the heart," as at I, i, 21, *supra*. The suggestion is that one of Olivia's hearts or half her heart is housed in her lover, and that what touches him affects her.

59 *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What does this mean?

2 *Sir Topas the curate*] Sir Tophas or Sir Topas is the name of the "foolish braggart" in Lyly's *Endimion*, a play familiar to Shakespeare. See *L. L. L.*, Introduction. "Sir," the title ordinarily conferred on



CLO. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

*Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA*

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

CLO. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is;" so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

SIR TO. To him, Sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*within*] Who calls there? 20

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

---

Elizabethan clergy, translates "dominus," the academic title of bachelors of arts in Cambridge University.

14 *a niece of King Gorboduc*] The clown's nonsense suggests Shakespeare's familiarity with the first regular English tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* (1561), in which King Gorboduc of Britain was a chief character.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

---

SIR TO. Well said, master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 30

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark. 40

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

---

<sup>37</sup> *clearstories*] The First Folio reads *cleere stores*. The Second and later Folios read blunderingly *clear stones*. "Clearstories" [*i. e.*, "clerestories"] was first adopted in the variorum edition of 1821.

<sup>47</sup> *constant question*] serious coherent conversation.

<sup>48</sup> *Pythagoras*] Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 131, and *As You Like It*, III, ii, 164.

MAL. That the soul of our grandam might haply<sup>50</sup>  
inhabit a bird.

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve  
his opinion.

CLO. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness:  
thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will  
allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou  
dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TO. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 60

CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.

MAR. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard  
and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me  
word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of  
this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I  
would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my  
niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to  
the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

CLO. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 70  
Tell me how thy lady does.

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. My lady is unkind, perdy.

61 *I am for all waters*] I can swim in any sort of stream, I can turn my  
hand to anything.

70 *Hey, Robin*] This song was in circulation as early as the reign of Henry  
VIII. Music dating from the sixteenth century is extant.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

---

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. Alas, why is she so?

MAL. Fool, I say, —

CLO. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't. <sup>80</sup>

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. <sup>90</sup>

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas, —

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

<sup>83</sup> *five wits*] The wits were reckoned of the same number as the senses. Cf. *Sonnet* cxli, 9: "But my *five wits* nor my five senses can." The "five wits" were common wit or intellectual power, imagination, fancy, estimation, and memory.

<sup>88</sup> *propertied*] "Property" is sometimes used as a verb, "to make property of," "to make a tool of." But here there seems a sly allusion to "property" in a theatrical sense. "They have used me as a theatrical 'property' for purposes of sport."

Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you. 100

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? 110

MAL. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLO. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,  
 And anon, sir,  
 I 'll be with you again,  
 In a trice,  
 Like to the old vice,

116 *I am gone, sir*] Another old song, of which the original music is extant. Shakespeare probably borrowed the words.

120-122 *the old vice . . . dagger of lath*] The Vice was a conventional comic character or buffoon in attendance on the devil in the old morality plays. Ben Jonson refers to the "wooden dagger," — the mock weapon of the Vice in *The Devil is an Ass*, I, i, 84-85.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

---

Your need to sustain;  
Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;  
Adieu, goodman devil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

*Enter* SEBASTIAN

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;  
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

---

126 *Pare thy nails*] The devil owed it to his popular reputation to keep his nails unpared. According to *Hen. V*, IV, iv, 76, the "roaring devil i' th' old play" becomes an object of scorn when "every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

127 *Adieu, goodman devil*] This, the original reading, is a playful ejaculation — "good-bye, Mister Devil" — which doubtless concludes the old song. On the gratuitous assumption that the words were the clown's parting salute to Malvolio and that the speaker had no reason to address him as "devil," many feeble changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *goodman Civil* and *goodman Drivel*.

5 *the Elephant*] See *supra*, III, iii, 39, and note.

6 *this credit*] this belief or opinion. At line 15 "trust" is used in much the same sense.

That he did range the town to seek me out.  
 His counsel now might do me golden service;  
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense, 10  
 That this may be some error, but no madness,  
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
 To any other trust but that I am mad,  
 Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,  
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
 As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't 20  
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and Priest*

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
 Now go with me and with this holy man  
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
 And underneath that consecrated roof,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

12 *all instance, all discourse*] all example and argument.

18 *Take . . . dispatch*] The first verb seems to govern only the first noun, and the second verb the second noun. "Take affairs and give back their dispatch" means "take up business affairs and see to their discharge."

21 *deceivable*] Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. II, p. 179, l. 29: "the *deceivable* [*i. e.*, deceiving, deceptive] style of affection."

May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
 What time we will our celebration keep 30  
 According to my birth. What do you say?

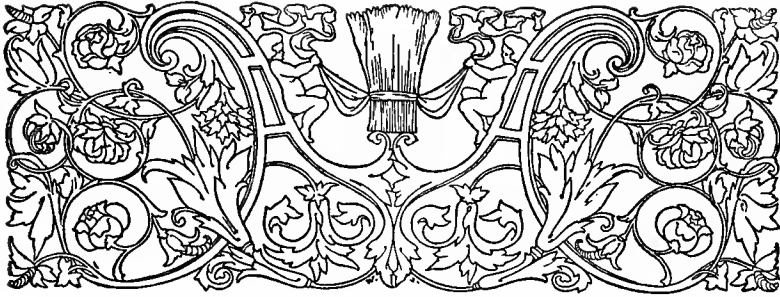
SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLI. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so  
 shine,  
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

---

29 *Whiles . . . note*] Until you are willing that it shall be announced.  
 30 *our celebration*] the marriage ceremony, the preliminary to which —  
 the plighting of troth — is alone arranged for in this scene.  
 34-35 *heavens . . . act of mine!*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, vi, 1-2: "So smile  
 the heavens upon this holy act, That after hours with sorrow chide  
 us not."





ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

*Enter Clown and FABIAN*

FABIAN



OW, AS THOU LOVEST  
me, let me see his letter.

CLO. Good Master Fabian,  
grant me another request.

FAB. Any thing.

CLO. Do not desire to see this  
letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog,  
and in recompense desire my  
dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO,  
and Lords*

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLO. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good  
fellow?

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT **IV**

CLO. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse<sup>10</sup>  
for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLO. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLO. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for<sup>20</sup> my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

---

18 *conclusions to be as kisses*] conclusions (in a syllogism) being like kisses (because duality is characteristic of both). Conclusions (in logic) come from the meeting of two premises as kisses come from the meeting of two persons' lips. The clown subtly quibbles in the words that follow on the grammatical rule, — "two negatives affirm," — which Sidney in *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet lxiii, had already turned to poetic uses.  
28-29 *your grace . . . obey it*] "Grace" is quibblingly used in the double sense of "a ducal title of courtesy" and "claim to salvation" in the theological meaning. The last suggestion is continued in "let your flesh and blood obey it" (*i.e.*, let your unregenerate being obey your "ill counsel").

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a<sup>30</sup>  
double-dealer: there 's another.

CLO. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the  
old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a  
good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir,  
may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this  
throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak  
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my  
bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come<sup>40</sup>  
again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that  
my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as  
you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it  
anon. [Exit.

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers*

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;

<sup>34</sup> *bells of Saint Bennet*] a reference to the chimes sounded by the bells of  
St. Bennet's Church on Paul's Wharf, which was destroyed in the  
great fire of London.

<sup>48-49</sup> *bawbling . . . unprizable*] Both words mean "trifling," of "small  
value." "Unprizable," like "inestimable" and "unvalued," is some-  
times used in the sense of "valueless," and sometimes in that of "in-  
valuable." See *Cymb.*, I, iv, 86, "*unprizeable* estimations," where the  
word seems to mean "invaluable."



Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
 His life I gave him and did thereto add  
 My love, without retention or restraint,  
 All his in dedication; for his sake  
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
 Into the danger of this adverse town;  
 Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning, 80  
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
 And grew a twenty years removed thing  
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
 Which I had recommended to his use  
 Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
 No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
 Both day and night did we keep company. 90

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants*

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks  
 on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:  
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
 But more of that anon. Take him aside.

75 *retention*] power of retaining (a part). See II, iv, 95, and note.

76 *All his in dedication*] The whole dedicated, made over, to him.

77 *pure*] the adjective used adverbially, "purely," "solely."

82 *face me . . . acquaintance*] brazenly deny knowledge of me.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam!

DUKE. Gracious Olivia, —

OLI. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, — 100

VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLI. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become  
him. 110

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy  
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

103 *fat and fulsome*] nauseous and cloying.

112 *the Egyptian thief*] A reference to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea in Heliodorus, *Æthiopica* (translated by Thomas Underdowne, 1569), where Thyamis, an Egyptian thief, slays a captive whom he mistakes for the object of his affection, in the fear that he is about to be robbed of her.

115 *to non-regardance cast my faith*] destine my loyalty to neglect.

And that I partly know the instrument  
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, 120  
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.  
 VIO. And I, most jocund, apt and willing,  
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.  
 OLI. Where goes Cesario?  
 VIO. After him I love  
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 130  
 If I do feign, you witnesses above  
 Punish my life for tainting of my love!  
 OLI. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!  
 VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?  
 OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?  
 Call forth the holy father.  
 DUKE. Come, away!  
 OLI. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.  
 DUKE. Husband!  
 OLI. Ay, husband: can he that deny?  
 DUKE. Her husband, sirrah!  
 VIO. No, my lord, not I.  
 OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 140

127 *To do you rest*] To give you repose, ease.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

---

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest*

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love, 150  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? 160  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

---

141 *strangle thy propriety*] suppress or deny thy identity or individuality.

150 *A contract . . . love*] The priest described the ordinary ceremony of  
a betrothal, which preceded the marriage rite.

155 *in my function*] in the discharge of my office as chaplain to Olivia.

159 *a grizzle on thy case*] a touch of grey on thy skin.



VIO. My lord, I do protest —

OLI. O, do not swear!  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

OLI. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause; 180  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY and Clown*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

165 *Hold little faith*] Keep a little faith, do not abandon all truth.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

---

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

SIR TO. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLO. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning. <sup>191</sup>

SIR TO. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. <sup>200</sup>

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

*Enter* SEBASTIAN

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

---

192 *a rogue, and a passy measures pavin*] The Folio reads here *a rogue, and a passy measures panyn*. The later Folios read, *a Rogue, after a passy measures Pavin*. Malone suggested the reading adopted here. The meaning seems to be that the surgeon is "a rogue and a solemn coxcomb to boot." "Pavin" is the name of a stately dance, and "passy measures" is clearly a corruption of "passamezzo," a slow and solemn step which formed chief part of the "pavin."

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 210

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian are you?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLI. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister, 220  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.  
Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

209 *A natural perspective*] A "perspective" was an ingeniously contrived glass, which was capable of producing the optical delusion of making one person look like two. Sebastian's entrance produces by natural means the effect of a mechanical glass.

219-220 *that deity . . . every where*] that divine attribute of ubiquity.

224 *Messaline*] See note on II, i, 15, *supra*.

226 *suited*] in such a suit of clothes.

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;  
 But am in that dimension grossly clad  
 Which from the womb I did participate. 230  
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
 And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine.

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth  
 Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!  
 He finished indeed his mortal act  
 That day that made my sister thirteen years. 240

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both  
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
 Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
 That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
 I was preserved to serve this noble count.  
 All the occurrence of my fortune since  
 Hath been between this lady and this lord. 250

SEB. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been  
 mistook:  
 But nature to her bias drew in that.

229 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. I, v, 245.

231 *as the rest goes even*] "ceteris paribus," other things being equal.

252 *But . . . that*] But nature there obeyed her bias or inclination.

You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.  
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand  
times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 260

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLI. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither: 270  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

---

"Bias" is the technical term for the oblique movement of the bowl  
in the game of bowls.

257 *as yet the glass seems true*] In allusion to the "perspective" or mechanical glass mentioned at line 209 *supra*. There is no optical delusion. There are really two persons.

263 *that orb'd continent*] the vaulted firmament of heaven, which sustains the fire, *i. e.*, the sun.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

---

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's  
end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a  
letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning,  
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not  
much when they are delivered. 280

OLI. Open 't, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified when the fool  
delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

OLI. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow  
Vox.

OLI. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is  
to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give  
ear.

OLI. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.* 290

FAB. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the  
world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and  
given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of

---

273 *extracting frenzy*] a frenzy that drove every object but one out of  
my mind. The Second Folio reads *exacting*, which gives the sense  
required.

286 *allow Vox*] allow me the use of my voice.

288 *read his right wits*] declare his present state of mind.

my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, madam.

300

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,  
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.  
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service  
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

310

OLI. A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO*

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

---

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.  
 You must not now deny it is your hand:  
 Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;  
 Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention: 320  
 You can say none of this: well, grant it then  
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
 To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;  
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
 And made the most notorious geck and gull 330  
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
 Though, I confess, much like the character:  
 But out of question 't is Maria's hand.  
 And now I do bethink me, it was she  
 First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,  
 And in such forms which here were presupposed  
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:  
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it, 340

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319 *Write from it*] Write differently from it.

330 *geck*] Cf. *Cymb.*, V, iv, 67, "to become the *geck* [*i. e.*, dupe] and scorn."

339 *This practice . . . thee*] This trick has been most wickedly played off on thee.



Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceived against him: Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance; 350  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLI. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

CLO. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 363

MAL. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abused.

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348-349 *Upon . . . against him*] Owing to his offensively obstinate and discourteous demeanour which we conceived him to have assumed.

356 *baffled*] mocked, insulted, bullied.



But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain, &c.

390

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*[Exit.*















